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— THE —

JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR,

AN ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE

PUBLISHED SEMI-MONTHLY

Designed Expressly for the Education and Elevation of the Young.

GEORGE Q. CANNON, EDITOR.

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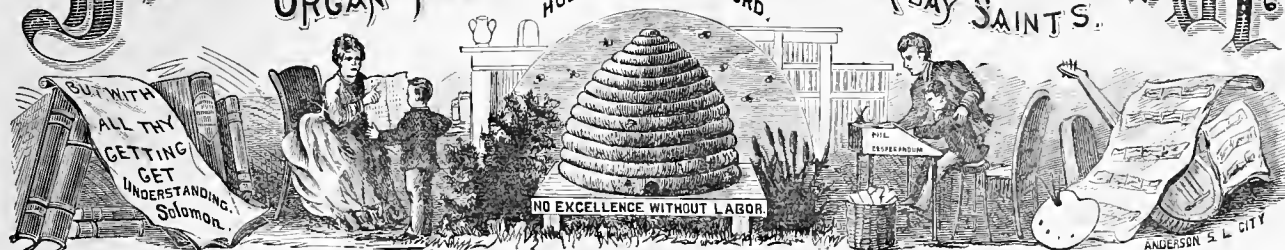


MARGARET'S TEMPTATION. (See Page 11.)

THE Juvenile Instructor

ORGAN FOR YOUNG

LATTER-DAY SAINTS.



VOL. XXIII.

SALT LAKE CITY, JANUARY 1, 1888.

NO. 1.



FUN WITH THE LAROUGIANS. (See page 2.)

FUN WITH THE LAROUGIANS.

IN the Winter of 1876 I went with a friend to the little town of Larouge, in the Province of Quebec, to spend a few days in hunting deer.

It was snowing when we left Montreal, but before we arrived at Larouge, the snow had changed to rain, which continued into the night. Towards morning the rain ceased, and the weather became so intensely cold as to put an icy crust on the snow hard enough to bear up an ox.

This "freeze-up" thoroughly chilled our hopes; for, as Danarell expressed it, one might as well "hunt a flea in a straw bed" as to go deer-shooting on such a crust.

In consequence of this change, we spent the day rather unsatisfactorily. There was, however, one consolation: the days in that latitude and at that season are very short.

There was a full moon in the evening, and after supper my friend and I walked out. We found Larouge a cosy little town, half-French, half-English. We noticed that a good many young folks were in the streets, mostly going one way, and that many of them carried under their arms long strips of board, or what in the moon-light seemed like boards.

"Let's follow the crowd," said my friend. "Maybe there's a 'party' somewhere, or some sort of public gathering, and they're carrying their seats with them."

The young people seemed to be in a merry mood, some chatting in French, some in English, and some in a patois made up from both tongues. The young ladies wore fur caps, an i, generally, fur sacks and mittens, and appeared quite at their ease on the crusty snow.

Presently we emerged from the village into the open country, which, at no great distance, was bounded by dark spruce forests. We halted on the brow of a long hill, at the foot of which and to the south lay a vast white valley, gleaming in the bright moonlight.

"It's a coasting-party," said my friend, as we saw, all along the hillside, sled after sled darting downward.

Looking more closely, we saw, to our surprise, that the coasters were not using hand-sleds. They stood upright while going at full speed, and we now discovered what was the use of those strips of boards which we had taken for "seats." They were the vehicles or slides on which the merry Larougians did their coasting—thin strips, varying in size, some being even twelve or fifteen feet long, and perhaps a foot in width, with the front ends turned up like Japanese slippers.

Seeing a young fellow standing a little apart from the rest, and about launching off, we drew near.

"Good-evening!" said my friend. "What is the name of that machine?"

"That?" said the Larougian, laughing, "that's a toboggan."

"A toboggan,—um!" replied my friend. "And you do your coasting on toboggans?"

Our new acquaintance again laughed, as he asked, "Did you never see one?"

"Never before," we replied; and then he kindly turned up his for us to look at.

The bottom was worn as smooth as glass, and in each corner of the turned-up end in front a strap was knotted. This strap was held in the hands of the coaster, who, standing squarely on his feet, leaned slightly back, steering his toboggan by pulling either of these reins, much as one would guide a horse. To show us how, the young fellow jumped on his toboggan, and went shooting down into the valley.

It is quite likely that the youngster told his companions that "there was something green around," for we soon became the object of pleasant attentions, such as nods from the young fellows, and smiles from the young ladies.

Many of them started their toboggans near where we stood, among which were many couples no larger than those seen in the engraving; gliding gracefully away with occasional glances backward to excite us to the performance of similar feats.

"I guess anybody can do that," said my friend, "if those girls can."

Just then a bland young Frenchman asked if we would take a slide on a toboggan. "We will be pleased to do so," replied my companion.

The toboggan was immediately placed at his disposal. While he was "taking position" on the board, a fair Larougian, kindly offered me her toboggan. Of course I could not refuse it.

Burleigh and I started off together. We stood up, as directed, and holding a rein in each hand, leaned back and sped swiftly down. How like an arrow the thing went! Perhaps it's easy for an old expert to rein a toboggan; but I didn't find it so.

Long before the foot of the hill was reached, my toboggan turned tail, whirled like a top, and unloaded me before I could say a word. I took three or four prodigious strides, broke through the crust, and sat down, with both hands buried in the snow—all in about one second of time.

Fortunately I did not fall in the track of the other coasters. My companion was not so lucky. Flying off his toboggan much as I had done, he rolled over the crust instead of squatting through it, and came in the way of a fair tobogganist, who carried him down with her to the bottom of the hill. His tall fur cap flew off, and was run over by another tobogganist, who scoured it out of all shape and sightliness. When he regained his legs, he looked like a "much-rumpled bird."

The Larougians, gathering round us, expressed much sympathy—in words. The young Frenchman was especially profuse in expressions of regret; and the lady who had kindly loaned me her toboggan was "so sorry!"

One English lad comforted us by saying that everybody fell off at first: he had himself.

But it was evident we had furnished the Larougians with a large stock of free amusement. Little ripples of laughter kept breaking out, notwithstanding the courtesy of our new friends, though they tried very hard to keep their faces sober.

"This will never do," said my friend, as we withdrew. "We shall be the laughing-stock of this whole place unless we do something to retrieve ourselves. If we only had a good Yankee hand-sled here, we would show these folks a trick or two in coasting."

The effect of this remark was to start us out the next morning in search of a carpenter's shop. We did not find one, but we found a cooper's shop, and after some negotiations with the cooper, who fortunately understood English, we secured his services, and worked so industriously that by two o'clock in the afternoon we had "built" two hand-sleds of the most approved pattern—for speed. They were more than six feet in length by about a foot in width.

Having paid the cooper for his services,—he had worked like a beaver,—we went, under his guidance, to a blacksmith, who put "shoes" of half-round iron on the wooden runners. We were much pleased to learn that neither he nor the cooper had ever seen anything like these sleds.

Having finished this job, we went to supper, and waited for the evening shades and the moon.

Either the Larougians habitually practice coasting on pleasant nights, or else an inkling of our project had leaked out through the cooper and blacksmith; for when we reached the hill that evening, we found there a large party, among whom were our friends of the previous night.

They seemed pleased, and as we thought, a little amused to see us out again. Our sleds were the objects of stolen but curious glances. The young Frenchman, whose name, by the way, was Marquet, at length asked if he might inquire what these "odd, framed little sledges" were for.

Burleigh told him they were toys, which little Yankee children used for coasting.

The Larougians were much interested in this new fact about the "States people," and no one seemed more so than the pleasant young lady who had loaned me the toboggan,—and had so regretted my accident.

Taking a sitting position on our sleds, we waited so as to start with the others, and then shoved off.

Toboggans slide well, but on that icy crust they were "nowhere," in comparison with our iron-shod sleds. In a moment we darted past them, cleared the long hill, shot across the great wide flat at its bottom, and did not stop till we reached the woods, full half a mile away, having crossed on the ice a wide stream.

None of the tobogganists went half so far, nor half as fast. As we came toiling back, they looked at us with wonder, and were very enthusiastic in their praise of "those odd little sledges."

On our next descent Burleigh contrived to "run down" a couple of toboggans, and catching one fellow on his sled, carried him along to the woods.

For some time we were unable to persuade one of the Larougians to ride with us; but at length, seeing that we made our trips in safety, and were masters of our odd crafts, one and then another took passage with us. They expressed themselves delighted with the "glissade," though at first they were a little nervous.

Presently it fell to my lot to take on my sled both the young Frenchman and my fair friend of the previous evening, whom Marquet had introduced to me as Mademoiselle St. Cyr.

I am afraid it was an ungallant act, but I took a route where I had observed a good many "cradle knolls." We were jumped—accidentally, of course—by a series of terrific "jounces," for which I fear the lady will never quite forgive me. But we made "*une ver rapece glissoire*," to say the least of it.

On parting, an hour later, we begged Marquet and Miss St. Cyr to accept our two Yankee sleds as souvenirs of our coasting acquaintance. They received them pleasantly, and jocosely offset them by offering us the two toboggans on which, the night before, we had come to grief. Of course we accepted, and bade them both "adieu;" for we had to leave Larouge the next morning.

I hope all Yankee boys, at least, will approve our attempt to sustain, under difficulties, the fame of Yankee-land in a remote corner of the continent.

C. A. S.

JOY was never sown upon earth, but in a furrow traced by labor or sorrow.

TWO WEAVERS.

BY J. C.

Two weavers sat down on a loom to weave
Some costly woof that was deftly spun
With the full assurance that both receive
A just reward when the work was done.

They were charged to copy with ardent care
A choice pattern before them laid;
That each no labor or pains should spare
That a grand success of the thing be made.

The master knew of the workmen's skill
That they both could work to the plan required,
That it only needed their heart and will
To make it the very thing desired.

So the weavers both their work began
With a careful hand and a watchful eye,
And drove the shuttle to suit the plan
As the pleasant hours went speeding by.

But at last a sudden change came on
To one of those gifted, toiling sons
His zeal had perished, his ardor flown
To the tardy haunts of the careless ones.

The thought of others whose tasks were light
How they seemed to prosper in listless ease
While he sat toiling from morn till night
A master's caprice to suit and please.

So he turned aside with a heavy sigh
From the task assigned and the prize in view
And he bade his partner and loom good-bye
For other work which he chose to do.

He plodded on through the slums of life;
Wove many a fabric of low design
Whose threads were knotty, and creases rife
And marred with many a jarring line.

The other weaver from first to last,
Was wise and patient and strong of will,
And into his work his soul he cast
When his treadles moved or his loom stood still.

And he wove the fabric of high design
Entrusted to him by his master's hand,
So true to the pattern in curve and line
That his fame was scattered through all the land.

He had won by merit the name he bore
He had proved himself and his master's trust,
Yet, sad was the look that his visage wore
As he mused on his loom-mate's first and last.

Even so with the Father, we all receive
His holy pattern, as known above
With a lease of time and a loom to weave
The badge of sin or the crown of love.

A SACRED HISTORY.

External Evidences of the Truth of the Book of Mormon.

BY THOMAS A. SHREEVE.

Chapter XV.

CHAPTER VIII of Third Nephi, in the Book of Mormon, details the appalling manifestations immediately following the time of the crucifixion of Christ. In one brief chapter there is detailed a history of physical disaster unparalleled since the flood. The description is sublime. None but a professional scoffer can read it without being deeply impressed.

But this is an age of professional scoffers. It is a time when men who have failed in every other vocation seek to make capital out of skepticism. Some of such fellows out-scoff every honest infidel—if any infidel can be honest—while all the time professing a complete belief in the Bible, in Christ, and all the miracles recorded of the ancient prophets and of our Savior. One of them, who makes his work an abject appeal for charity, has recently sought to deride the record given in the Book of Mormon of the manifestations upon the face of the earth at the time of the crucifixion. With neither wit nor wisdom he seeks to be funny and profound. He succeeds only in being absurd and false. A denial that any such phenomena were manifested as recorded in the Book of Mormon, at the time following the crucifixion, is against all the facts of history and tradition on this continent. There is not one atom of direct evidence against the statement of the Book of Mormon, while I have been able, even with an examination necessarily brief and cursory, to secure several references in direct support of the sacred history. I quote from Foster's prehistoric races of the United States, giving his exact words, without any attempt to wrest them in support of my theory, and leaving every candid mind to judge whether or not such a tradition could exist without the previous fact having existed:

These passages from the ancient classics as to the existence of a western continent, coupled with certain traditions to be found in the ancient Mexican records of a great catastrophe, the combined result of earthquakes and inundations, by which a large area in Central America became submerged and a greater portion of the population destroyed, have reopened the discussion whether Plato's "Story of Atlantis" does not belong to the sobrieties of truth. Among the most zealous of these advocates is the Abbe Brasseur De Bourbourg, who has brought out these traditions in his translation of the "Teo Amoxthli," which is the Toltecan mythological history of the cataclysm of the Antilles; and the late George Catlin published a little work "The Lifted and Subsidied Rocks of America," in which this theory is vigorously maintained. Among the Indian tribes of North America, Catlin found the tradition of such a cataclysm. The tribes further south relate that the waters were seen coming in waves like mountains from the east, and of the tens of thousands who ran for the high grounds to the west, according to some traditions one man only, and according to others, two, and still according to others, seven, succeeded in reaching places of safety, and from these have descended the present races of Indians.

The tribes in Central America and Mexico, in Venezuela, and in British and Dutch Guiana, distinctly describe these cataclysms,—one by water, one by fire, and the third by the winds. The tribes nearer the vicinity of the terrible convulsions were cognizant of the whole effects of fire and winds, when the remote tribes were sensible only of the flood of waters which went to the base of the mountains.

From amidst "the thunder of flames that came out of the sea," whilst "mountains were sinking and rising," the terror-stricken inhabitants sought every expedient of safety. Some

fled to the mountains, and some launched their rafts and canoes upon the turbulent waters, trusting that a favorable current would land them upon a hospitable shore, and thus in this elemental strife this ancient civilized people became widely dispersed.

The festival of "Izealli" was instituted to commemorate this terrible calamity, in which "princes and people humbled themselves before the Divinity and besought him not to renew the frightful convulsions."

It is claimed that by this catastrophe, an area larger than that of the kingdom of France became engulfed, including the lesser Antilles, the extensive banks at their eastern base, which at that date were vast and fertile plains, the peninsulas of Yucatan, Honduras, and Guatemala, and the great estuaries of the Caribbean sea and the Gulf of Mexico. With the peninsulas of Yucatan and Guatemala, went down the splendid cities of Palenque and Uxmal, and others whose sites are now in the ocean bed, with most of their living inhabitants; and the continent has since risen sufficiently to restore many of these ancient sites.

Donnelly says:

The fact that this tradition existed among the inhabitants of America is proven by the existence of festivals, "especially one in the month of 'Izealli' which were instituted to commemorate this frightful destruction of land and people, and in which, say the sacred books, 'princes and people humbled themselves before the Divinity, and besought him to withhold a return of such terrible calamities.'"

The Central American books, translated by De Bourbourg, state that originally a part of the American continent extended far into the Atlantic ocean. This tradition is strikingly confirmed by the explorations of the ship *Challenger*, which show that the "Dolphin's Ridge" was connected with the shore of South America north of the mouth of the Amazon. The Central American books tell us that this region of the continent was destroyed by a succession of frightful convulsions, probably at long intervals apart; three of these catastrophes are constantly mentioned, and sometimes there is reference to one or two more.

Baldwin in his ancient America, says:

The land was shaken by frightful earthquakes, and the waves of the sea combined with volcanic fires to overwhelm and engulf it. . . . Each convulsion swept away portions of the land until the whole disappeared, leaving the line of coast as it now is. Most of the inhabitants, overtaken amid their regular employments, were destroyed; but some escaped in ships, and some fled for safety to the summits of high mountains, or to portions of the land which for a time escaped immediate destruction.

In the *Scientific American* of February 23, 1881, on page 133, is a reprinted article, entitled, "Ancient Works in the New Mexico;" from which I quote the following sentences:

New Mexico is perhaps the most noted country in the world for research. The historian, the wealth seeker and the curious can here find a rich field and reward for their labor. The Abo and Gran Quivira mountains are perhaps the most renowned in the territory for research. In the former there are evidences of great volcanic eruptions, which overwhelm cities and buried the inhabitants in ashes and lava, long ages ago. It is evident that these people, who are perhaps older than the Aztecs, were a prosperous race, with not a little advance in civilization, as the Abo ruins, in the Manzana mountains indicate; also some indications of fine art; rude figures, and the images of animals, being found on the interior of the walls in the structure beneath the debris.

It is evident that this ancient historic race were seekers after mineral, and evidences also exist that mineral was obtained by them in paying quantities, there being the ruins of many old smelters and acres of slag found near Abo.

* * * * *

Surely our bright sunny land has been enjoyed long before the Anglo-Saxon made his appearance upon the scene.

In Volume V. of Bancroft's "Native Races," we find:

At the end of the first age of the world or the "Sun of Waters," as we are told by Ixtlilxochitl, the earth was visited by a flood which covered even the most lofty mountains. After the re-peopling of the earth by the descendants of a few families who escaped destruction, the building of a tower as a protection against a possible future catastrophe of similar nature, and the confusion of tongues and consequent scattering of the population—for all these things were found in the native traditions, as we are informed—seven families speaking the same language kept together in their wanderings for many years; and after crossing broad lands and seas, enduring great hardships, they reached the country of Huehne Tlapallan, or "old" Tlapallan; which they found to be fertile and desirable to dwell in. The second age, the "Sun of Air," terminated with a great hurricane which swept away trees, rocks, houses and people, although many men and women escaped, chiefly such as took refuge in caves which the hurricane could not reach. After several days the survivors came out to find a multitude of apes living in the land; and all this time they were in darkness, seeing neither the sun nor moon. The next event recorded, although Veytia makes it precede the hurricane, is the stopping of the sun for a whole day in his course, as at the command of Joshua as recorded in the old Testament. * * * *

One hundred and sixteen years after this regulation or invention of the Toltec calendar, "the sun and moon were eclipsed, the earth shook, and the rocks were rent asunder, and many other things and signs happened, though there was no loss of life. This was in the year Ce Calli, which, the chronology being reduced to our systems, proves to be the same date when Christ our Lord suffered. [33 A. D.]"

With this last quotation I will close this chapter, merely referring my readers to the Book of Mormon, eighth chapter of Third Nephi, fifth verse; and ask them to compare the date given by Bancroft with that given in the sacred history. Bancroft says that "the sun and moon were eclipsed, the earth shook," etc., the same date when Christ our Lord suffered—33 A. D.

The Book of Mormon says:

The thirty and third year had passed away. * * * And it came to pass in the thirty and fourth year, in the first month, in the fourth day of the month, etc.

No event in the Bible is more closely proven, chronologically, from external evidences than is this.

A HAPPY COUPLE.

A MAN should always be a little older, a little braver and a little stronger, a little wiser, and a little more in love with her than she is with him.

A woman should always be a little younger, and a little prettier, and a little more considerate than her husband. He should bestow upon her his worldly goods, and she should take good care of them. He may owe her every care and tenderness that affection can prompt; but pecuniary indebtedness to her will become a burden. Better live on a crust that he earns than on a fortune that she has brought him.

Neither must be jealous, nor give the other cause for jealousy. Neither must encourage sentimental friendship with the opposite sex. Perfect confidence in each other, and reticence concerning their mutual affairs, even to members of their own families, is a first necessity.

Fault-finding, long arguments, or scoldings, ends the happiness that begins in kisses and lovemaking. Sisters and brothers may quarrel and "make up." Lovers are lovers no longer after such disturbances occur, and married people who are not lovers are bound by red-hot chains. If a man admires his wife most in striped calico, she is silly not to wear it.

TO-MORROW.

BY F. M.

A GOLDEN prize lies just within my grasp;
A little labor and a little care,
And it is mine for aye, to keep and clasp,—
The garnered fruit of years, perfected, rare.
But ah, the sun lies level on the hills,
I'm weary; just a few hours let me borrow
From restful Ease; what need of thankful thrills?
The treasure's surely mine upon the morrow.

The day-god smiled his flask of rare red wine
Atween the drowsy morning's pallid lips;
"Alas! the glowing treasure that was mine
With the uplifting of my finger tips
Has taken wings. Ah me, why *did* I pause
Until I held it safe. Fool! that I was."
And ceaselessly she moaned, but all her sorrow
Brought never back the glory of that morrow.

I hurt my friend to-day with careless words,
I saw the foolish arrow rankle sore;
I did not heed to soothe the pain away,
But laughed, and sang, and jested yet the more.
To-morrow I will sue with humble mien
Her pardon. I will bring, at early dawning,
Pale, dew-drenched roses from the hedges green,
And she will smile upon me in the morning.

The morning came in robes of shivering grey;
Fell from her heavy eyelids teardrops cold
Upon the dead, white roses as they lay
Upon a dead, white face and hair of gold.
A sound of bitter anguish filled the air;
An anguish hopeless in its great despair;
"Too late! Too late! All life I'd give to borrow
The hours from *Then* until this fatal morrow."

"Why stand you idle in this shaded way?
Wide is the field and many they that sow,
Oh, haste to scatter seed while yet 'tis day,
That white and heavy shall your harvest grow."
Hot lies the barren earth on every side,
Why dim my happy hours with toil and sorrow?
To-day's the realm where love and joy abide,
Seed-time and harvest wait within the morrow.

To-morrow and a prison-door ajar.
To-morrow and an empty, gilded cage,
To-morrow and a broken bolt and bar,
To-morrow and a blank on life's great page.
Poor, folded useless hands! poor, wasted years!
No time for right or wrong, for toil or tears;
No time for love or strife, for joy or sorrow;
No time for seed or harvest on the morrow.

CULTIVATE a good memory, if you do not possess one. Train it to habits of method if it does not turn to them naturally, but be careful not to overload it. Charge it with matters of importance and utility, and try to retain all that it absorbs. Your memory may be made as valuable a capital for you as money would be if you only use it with intelligence and justice.

FOR OUR LITTLE FOLKS.

ADDRESS AND SONG OF SANTA CLAUS. NEW YEAR'S DAY.

How do you do, children? I hope you are all well, and that you have had a merry, MERRY Christmas. I'm sure I have done my best to help you, that you might have a good time.

You all look at me; that is right. I like to be watched, especially when I stand up to talk to children.

Perhaps you wonder who I am. I am the famous Santa Claus. Some of you never saw me before, but you have all heard of me. Now I will give you a word of advice.

When any of you know that your papa or mamma is going to the store, and that you are to have some candy, ask them to please get you home-made candy—it is the best—it is the kind I use. And when the nice clothes you have on to-day are worn out, and you are to have new ones, ask papa or mamma to please get home-made cloth for you. It may not seem quite as fine, but it is right for you to wear it. That is what I wear. My shoes, stockings, coat, pants, cap, mittens and belts are all home-made.

But I do not wish to tire you, and will close my speech. Shall I sing you a little song before I go, a home-made one?

Children. "Yes! Yes!"

Santa Claus, (pleasantly). Yes Sir, if you please!

SONG.

I AM a very merry man,
As doubtless you've been told;
And oh! the baskets and the bags,
My back and arms will hold,
While carrying Christmas gifts around,
Oft through the storm and cold.

Chorus. For I am the children's friend,
The children's friend am I;
I always come to make them laugh,
And never make them cry.

I pity some dear little ones,
Who for me have to coax,
Of parents strange who say and think,
I'm nothing but a hoax:
I always was a favorite,
With all the little folks.

Chorus For I am the children's friend, etc.

I've visited the prison lone,
Where some of your papas,
Have been incarcerated by,
Old Uncle Sam's hard laws;
And they were pleased indeed, to see
The gifts of Santa Claus.

Chorus to 3rd verse.

For I am the children's friend,
And well they know that I
Would make their little darlings glad,
And would not let them cry.

Before I bid you all good-by,
A word I have to say,
Be kind and honest, boys and girls,
Be good in every way;
And that you always may do this,
Take time, and think to pray.

Chorus. And I shall be your friend,
And when you're old as I,
With hair as white as snow, you still,
May laugh instead of cry.

Repeat chorus.

LULA.

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS IN NO. 22.

1. WHEN was the revelation on celestial marriage written? A. On the 12th of July, 1843.
2. In whose presence was it written? A. Hyrum Smith and William Clayton.
3. Where is this revelation recorded? A. In the Doctrine and Covenants, Section 132.
4. Against whom were serious complaints made at a Conference held in Nauvoo on October 6th, 1843? A. Sidney Rigdon.
5. Was he continued as Joseph's counselor after this? A. Yes; but not by the Prophet's sanction.
6. What were the Prophet's words regarding the matter? A. "I have thrown him off my shoulders, and you have again put him on me; you may carry him, but I will not."
7. What were the feelings of the people of Missouri toward the Latter-day Saints? A. They had a deep and abiding hatred for them.
8. What treatment did Daniel Avery and his

son receive at their hands? A. They kidnapped them from the neighborhood of Warsaw and took them by force across the Mississippi River to Missouri.

9. What action did the city council of Nauvoo take to try and secure redress for wrongs perpetrated by the Missourians? A. They signed a petition to Congress.

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS IN NO. 23.

1. WHEN and where was Joseph Smith, the prophet, nominated a candidate for the presidency of the United States? A. On the 29th of January, 1844, at a political meeting held in Nauvoo.

2. What two candidates were before the people for the office at that time? A. Martin Van Buren (for re-election) and Henry Clay.

3. Why did the Latter-day Saints not feel like sustaining one of these two parties? A. Because neither of them in his conduct towards the Saints had shown himself worthy of their votes.

4. What were the words expressed by President Van Buren when appealed to by the Saints for redress for wrongs perpetrated upon them by the citizens of the state where they resided? A. "Your cause is just, but I can do nothing for you."

5. How did Mr. Clay express his sentiments and cool contempt for the people's rights? A. In the utterance of these words: "You had better go to Oregon for redress."

6. What means were used to make known the nomination and policy to the country? A. The Prophet prepared an address entitled, "Views on the Powers and Policy of the Government of the United States," which were carried to the various States by elders sent out for the purpose.

7. Quote two paragraphs from this pamphlet giving Joseph's views of the slavery question. A. "Petition, also, ye goodly inhabitants of the slave states, your legislators to abolish slavery by the year 1850, or now, and save the abolitionist from reproach and ruin, infamy and shame.

"Pray Congress to pay every man a reasonable price for his slaves, out of the surplus revenues arising from the sale of public lands, and from the deduction of pay from the members of Congress."

8. If his plan had been adopted would it not have saved an immense amount of blood-shed and treasure, and preserved peace in the land? A. It would.

QUESTIONS ON CHURCH HISTORY.

1. WHAT instructions did the Prophet give the Twelve Apostles early in 1844, concerning a new location for the Saints? 2. On what date were these instructions given? 3. What prophecy did Joseph utter five days later? 4. What persons, who were once prominent members of the Church, were leagued together and associated with apostates for the purpose of conspiring against the life of the Prophet? 5. What caused these men to lose the faith and leave the Church? 6. Besides these open and avowed apostates, who among those still claiming membership in the Church sympathized with them? 7. What statement did Joseph Smith make at the April conference in 1844 regarding Zion.

PRIZES AWARDED.

On examination of the various lists of answers to Questions on Church History published in the last half of Volume 22 we find the following entitled to the prizes offered:

Lottie J. Fox, first prize; one year's subscription to the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR.

Henry H. Blood, second prize; a work entitled "Sheep, Swine and Poultry."

Annie Sylvia Sessions, third prize; a book entitled "Fighting the Good Fight."

THE names of those who correctly answered Questions on Church History in No. 22 are as follows:

Henry H. Blood, Jas. G. West, Lottie J. Fox, Annie Sylvia Sessions, Heber C. Blood.

THE names of those who answered Questions on Church History published in No. 23 are as follows:

Annie Sylvia Sessions, Lottie J. Fox, Henry H. Blood.

MORE PRIZES.

As an inducement to those who excel in answering the Questions we offer three prizes as follows:

FIRST PRIZE.—ONE year's subscription to the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR for the most correct and complete lists of answers to the questions that will be published in the first half of this volume.

SECOND PRIZE.—A book entitled "How to Learn and Earn."

THIRD PRIZE.—A work entitled "Every-day Doings."

The Juvenile Instructor.

GEORGE Q. CANNON, - - - - EDITOR.

SALT LAKE CITY, JANUARY 1, 1888.

EDITORIAL THOUGHTS.

PROFANITY is a deadly sin, and one which, especially among us, must be atoned for. To avoid the too frequent repetition of the name of the Supreme Being, and out of respect or reverence for it, the Holy Priesthood, since the days of Melchisedec, is called the Melchisedec Priesthood. Before His day it was called "The Holy Priesthood after the order of the Son of God." This shows clearly how sacredly we should hold the name of our Creator.

The Lord, in the commandments which He gave to Israel after they were let out of Egypt by Moses, commanded the people:

Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain; for the Lord will not hold him guiltless that taketh his name in vain.

Many people use the name of the Supreme Being too lightly and too frequently who do not mean to be profane or to show a want of proper respect to Him. Even in offering prayer, care should be taken to avoid vain repetitions of the name of our Father in heaven.

Profanity and blasphemy are very common in our nation. Many people imagine that it gives strength and emphasis to their expressions to use oaths, and especially to use the name of their Creator to confirm what they say.

In ancient times the Lord was exceedingly strict upon this point, and He required His people to enforce His law upon this subject with great strictness.

At one time, while the children of Israel were in the wilderness, two men in the camp had a difficulty. One of them was a son of an Egyptian; but his mother was an Israelite. In his anger he blasphemed the name of the Lord, and cursed. He was arrested for this and brought before Moses.

Moses sought to know the mind of the Lord concerning this man's conduct, and the Lord commanded Moses to have him brought forth "without the camp; and let all that heard him lay their hands upon his head, and let all the congregation stone him."

This was done as the Lord said.

Upon this occasion the Lord gave to Moses the following law upon this subject:

Whosoever curseth his God shall bear his sin.

And he that blasphemeth the name of the Lord, he shall surely be put to death, and all the congregation shall certainly stone him: as well the stranger, as he that is born in the land, when he blasphemeth the name of the Lord, shall be put to death.

In our day there is no law *in force* which punishes profanity or blasphemy with death. But the sin is as great to-day as it was in the days of Moses. Members of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints who indulge in profanity by so doing forfeit their claim to the fellowship of the Saints and to

membership in the Church. Such conduct should not be permitted among us; and all the people should be made to feel that it is a very grave offense against the majesty of heaven for anyone to be guilty of profanity in any form.

In our Sunday Schools, especially, our children should be impressed with the wickedness of this conduct. No child who is properly trained respecting the sacredness of the name of the Deity will be likely to indulge in profanity, or to blaspheme that sacred and holy name in after life. A child thus trained will always feel that he cannot do this without incurring divine displeasure. We believe that many among us have died violent deaths because of violating their covenants upon this point.

There is an instance that occurred in early days which comes to our mind while we write. A man of the writer's acquaintance received his endowments in the Nauvoo Temple. He there made holy covenants with the Lord, as all do who receive these sacred ordinances. But he was a man of quick temper, easily provoked to anger, and on the journey from Nauvoo would frequently give way to fits of passion with the animals that he drove, and at the annoyances he had to meet. He yielded to his temper so much that it obtained the mastery over him, and upon very slight provocation he would curse and swear.

The writer was but a youth at the time. He knew, however, the penalty which God had pronounced, which should follow the taking of His name in vain; and for years it was his opinion that this man would yet die a violent death.

The man of whom we speak came to the Valley in 1847. Some few years afterwards he, with others, was waylaid by the Indians, and he was shot and instantly killed.

We have always thought that he suffered this death because of his violation of the covenants which he had made to keep the name of the Lord holy.

We remember Brother Parley P. Pratt relating an incident on the plains in 1847 of a somewhat similar character.

At the time the companies were crossing Elk Horn River the water was so high that the stream had to be ferried. There was a young man who worked on board the ferry-boat who used profane language. Brother Pratt reproved him for it, and told him that it was a great sin in the sight of God, and especially for a young man who had had his advantages, he having been a member of President Heber C. Kimball's household.

The rebuke, however, did not seem to have much effect upon him, though he was told that if the penalty were enforced he would be killed.

Not long afterwards he had occasion to go to Winter Quarters, and while on the road, going or returning, in company with another brother, they were attacked by Indians and he was killed.

Brother Pratt, in relating the occurrence, expressed his belief that this young man had been slain because of his profanity. We have never doubted this. And we firmly believe that many of the members of our Church who have died violent deaths have had their blood spilt to atone for their violations of the covenants they had made.

We, as Latter-day Saints, should hold no fellowship with those who are guilty of this great sin. It should not be looked upon with any allowance by us.

We would like to impress upon every superintendent and teacher in our Sabbath Schools the importance of teaching our children to hold the name of the Supreme Being most sacred.

Children, you cannot be too careful upon this point. Never use the name of your Creator except with the utmost reverence, and then you should not use it too frequently.

CHRISTENDOM prides itself upon its high civilization and its superior morality. It looks down with contempt upon the pagan and the heathen world, and like the Pharisee of old, its people thank God that they are not sinners as other men are.

We recently read a statement from the East Indies which represents the proportions of criminality in the several classes of people who live in that country. Among the Europeans who reside there, there is one criminal in 274; among the Eurasians (who are half European and half Asiatic) there is one criminal in 509; among the native Christians there is one in 799; among the Mohammedans one in 856; among the Hindoos one in 1,361; and among the Buddhists one in 3,787.

This speaks very highly for the morality of the Buddhists, who, according to all accounts, are very devoted to their religion, and have a high standard of morality.

A writer in speaking about these statistics, says:

These statistics are instructive, and enforce, with resistless power, the conclusion that, as a mere matter of social polity, we should do much better if we devoted our superfluous cash and zeal for a generation or two to the ethical improvement of our own countrymen, instead of trying to upset the morality, together with the theology, of people who might reasonably send out missions to convert us.

This is a truthful comment and one which should carry conviction to every honest soul. The so-called Christian world should do as the Savior recommended: "cast the beam out of thine own eye; and then shalt thou see clearly to cast out the mote out of thy brother's eye."

Instead of collecting thousands upon thousands of dollars to send missionaries to convert the heathen, they should devote their energies to the correction of the evils in their own midst. Then they would not be open to the charge which the Lord Jesus made against the Pharisees of old: "Ye compass sea and land to make one proselyte; and when he is made, ye make him twofold more the child of hell than yourselves."

HOW TO READ.

READING should be followed by an earnest and reflecting spirit. If we are careful in the selection of books, we must be equally careful as to the way in which we read them. Read with attention. This is the golden rule and more important than all the rest. The great objection to omnivorous and indiscriminate reading is, that it jades and wearies the power of attention. Edmund Burke always so read a book as to make it his own, a possession for life. Passive reading is to be carefully guarded against, as a habit that will destroy all good in reading.

Read with interest. Find out what will interest you, ask yourself in what particular your ignorance most disturbs or annoys you. With what class of thoughts, facts, principles or emotions, would it please you best to be conversant. "Read what will satisfy your wants and appease your desires and you will comply with the first condition to reading with profit and interest," is a direction that must be received, however, with caution, for you should see that your wishes and desires are correct, before you attempt to satisfy them.

GOSSIPING.

BY R. V. R.

THE motives for gossiping are as various as the natures of those in whom this motive exists. First, there is a party who feel constrained, from their malice toward a second party, to fish up every bit of information detrimental to that party, and mixing with the delicious pabulum a titbit of scandal, convey it to a third party, by way of warning against the development of any further degree of intimacy between the two. Then this second party, loth to keep pent up in their bosoms anything the world should and *ought* to know, roll that important communication off their tongues as volubly as a fresh oyster glides down the throat of a hungry man. And when once the mills of the god of ill-fame are set in motion, there is no stopping of them, until the poor, unfortunate victim is ground to powder.

Then there is another kind of talking, promoted by the desire for popularity—notoriety, I should say. Although it may not be productive of as much harm as that above mentioned, it is equally as heinous and contemptible. It is both "double-faced" and "double-mouthed," but proclaims the deeds of all with the same pernicious tongue. This species of tattler never discovers but one face—the white one "with smiles of love adorned"—to the party present, so that a person of little experience in the world, can rarely detect the duplicity contained therein.

Everybody is interested more or less in the doings of his neighbors; and he or she who will keep them posted is always a welcome visitor at their houses. This informant, happy in the thought that she is doing a deal of good, keeps the shuttle of every-day talk flying from fireside to fireside, mixing with the woof and warp of her narrative a little exaggeration, and constructing the quality to suit each party. Every one desires to be heard, and if he can't be heard in one way, he will in another. And as few people have the moral courage or inclination to close their ears to a tattler, this plan is frequently adopted to obtain an audience.

There is, also, a species of gossip peculiar to the Emilia-like natures, which is productive of much harm. Weak-minded, unsuspecting and naturally communicative, they do not hesitate to talk in a loose manner of their dearest friends, and are much alarmed in the end to see what mischief their words, spoken with no ill-intention, have created.

Virgil gives a beautiful description of Fame, which illustrates the progress of ill-report or scandal from its incipency. But I suppose tattlers have existed ever since the world was created, else Solomon would not have written, "Where there is no tale-bearer, strife ceaseth." The best way is for sensible people to have nothing to do with them. Still, by that means you will not escape them. If you put on a sober countenance, and keep your tongue mostly within your mouth, you are libelled an "odd sort of person," and Rumor has her emissaries at work to detect the cause of this singularity. Then the current opinion, at first *whispered* around, is taken up by a bevy of tale-bearers, more loathsome than the Harpies celebrated by the Mantuan bard, and magnified and altered to suit the public, till it is either at last decided that you have been crossed in love, or are laboring under the pressure of some heavy financial losses, hence, are in a fit state for the insane asylum.

JESUS AND THE WISE MEN.

IT would indeed be exceedingly interesting to read the whole history of our Savior previous to the time of His entry upon the duties of His ministry, were it possible to obtain the facts concerning Him, but of these it has thus far been impossible to obtain a full and authentic account. Commentators have

the temple at Jerusalem, when he was but twelve years of age. It was at this time that Joseph and Mary, as was their annual custom, went up to Jerusalem to join the Passover festival, and they took the Child with them.

The Jews believed that the age of twelve years was the dividing line between childhood and youth, and it was only at this period that one incurred legal responsibility. Josephus



frequently allowed their imaginations to supply what they thought was lacking in the historical narrative; but however beautiful may be their theories with regard to the earlier years of Jesus, they undoubtedly fall far short of the reality.

One of the very few incidents mentioned in the sacred record concerning the early life of the Redeemer, is that of which representation is made in the illustration herewith given. It is the meeting of Jesus with the learned doctors in

states that at the age of fourteen the priests of the city met with the child to put questions to Him about the law. It is therefore probable that the object of Jesus' parents in permitting Him to accompany them to the great city Jerusalem was that He might become acquainted with the rites and ceremonies of the Jews.

This one incident goes to prove that though young in years, the Savior was far advanced in knowledge. He not only lis-

tened with deep interest to the communications of the learned men, but He also asked them questions, and so wonderful were His abilities that, as the scriptures state, "All that heard Him were astonished at His understanding and answers."

He had, it seems, become separated from His parents during their sojourn in Jerusalem, and when they started on their homeward trip His absence was not noticed until one day's journey had been made. Then they turned back and after some little search found Him on "His Father's business." Joseph and Mary were very much astonished at the discovery of His whereabouts, and His mother retained and thought often of His sayings.

The Savior was a remarkable child born under remarkable circumstances, but He doubtless did much personally in His childhood and youth to prepare himself for the great mission which awaited Him. It is not reasonable to suppose that He spent His time in idleness and frivolity, but contrariwise, that no opportunity of acquiring knowledge from the law and the prophets, as well as from nature and God, was allowed to pass unobserved, and no idle reflection was allowed to occupy His mind. Just as the Messiah was perfected through suffering, so doubtless was He in a measure prepared for His life's labor through study. Had we a minute account of His early years we would doubtless find it to have been very similar to that of all great men in this age. Though God may give men great attributes it is only by diligent application to their labors that their abilities are made manifest, while men of natural brilliance sometimes fail in life because of disinclination to persevere in the course that would bring them honor and glory.

MARGARET'S TEMPTATION.

BY EDDIS OWEN.

(*Frontispiece.*)

IT was strange, that, knowing her character so well we should have been so completely ignorant of her history.

It was no fault of ours that her past was a sealed book to us. Heaven knows that we made frequent attempts to break the close clasp of the volume and to penetrate its mysterious depths. She was a lady in speech, manner, looks and accomplishments; but this fact did not restrain our insatiable curiosity. It is only in novels that the proud soul is permitted to keep its own secret without attempt at interference.

I was but a little girl when I first knew her, yet I confess now that my Mother Eve had transmitted to me the almost universal heritage of my sex, and, even in my pinafore and tom-boy days, I vied with my older sisters and associates in an effort to pry into Aunt Margaret's past.

She was not my Aunt Margaret, although I was taught to call her so. I don't think she was actually aunt to any of us. But of this I am not certain, and I will probably never know for she is dead and the people who were acquainted with the facts have vanished out of my life.

I think her name was Margaritha, Margherita or Margarethe—rather than Margaret. She was neither American nor English; though she spoke our language exquisitely, with a beautiful accent which was charming to my young ears. But her nationality is as much a mystery to me as is the secret which the impassive sphinx is supposed to hold.

Only one chapter of her life is known to me, and that I

heard from her own lips at the one time she was ever seen to unbend to any of her sex in our family or neighborhood. She had been away for several years and I had almost forgotten her when she returned to our house to remain but a week. I must have seemed terribly, inexcusably headstrong and selfish to her; for I insisted on going to balls when mother thought I should rather be at home, and I accepted attentions from young gentlemen of whom my dear father could not or would not approve.

One day, during Aunt Margaret's brief stay, when I had been driving with Will M— against the known wish of father, though not against his express spoken command—for he was ever a silent man—she called me to the orchard for a little chat. When we were seated under the shadowing trees, with our feet stirring the heavy air which hung around the rich red clover, Aunt Margaret drew a paper from her pocket and said:

"Eddis, my child, look at this; it is the scene of my greatest temptation."

I took the paper from her hand. It was a pencil sketch, a beautiful scene of mountain, bay and towered castle; several figures near the central foreground and a yacht sailing the distant blue water. That sketch is now in my possession and from it I have had the engraving made.

While I held it in my hands, Aunt Margaret asked:

"Will you listen to the painful experience of which this picture is the reminder, made by my own hand to be a continuous monitor to humility?"

I answered, "Willingly." And then I toyed with the sketch while she related the story of her temptation. I cannot give her exact language, but the points are all here:

Margaret's father died a political exile. The girl was therefore left entirely to her mother's guidance. Their near neighbor was Oswald—handsome, dashing, rich. He paid assiduous court to Margaret, infatuated her by praise of her beauty and entranced her thoughts with descriptions of radiant scenes where she ought to figure as a queen. The old mother feared that Oswald was not earnest. He had been often a lover, unless truth was sadly broken by reports; and his station in life would make him unwilling to accept for a bride the penniless daughter of a dead exile. The mother warned Margaret, but the whisper of Oswald's love was stronger than the voice of duty or filial affection. He asked her to choose between him and her mother, and she chose as millions of other women have chosen—the man. But no sooner had she answered as he wished than he told her that marriage was forbidden him by his family. He had not wronged her and she might send him away altogether if she could be so cruel. Or, if she willed it so, they might continue to love and associate with platonic affection.

Not permitting herself to think, but only glad that her love was not to be buried if she willed it to survive, Margaret accepted Oswald's terms. From this moment he seemed more than ever free with her, more than ever devoted, more than ever ardent. Whether the girl stopped to decide concerning such warm "platonic" affection is a matter of doubt.

Her mother felt the keenest fear, and again and again warned her; but having once accepted Oswald's proposition, and having so often disobeyed the maternal behest, the girl had almost lost the power, if not the inclination, to withdraw from the fatal society.

(*To be Continued.*)

A NIGHT ADVENTURE ON THE PLAINS.

BY FRANK.

"DON'T let's tackle this one, he's too bad for anything, I know the other one is out there a little way off the road somewhere, he was unyoked because his mate give out long before this one laid down."

This one, was a huge work ox, that was lying down on the frozen road, with that sullen, stolid indifference to pain and the pangs of hunger, which characterizes, in western parlance, the "give out ox"—with hair on end, eyes dull and sunk deep in his head, denoting a so-far-goneness about our bovine friend, that he had even ceased to dream of the green fields of Iowa, from whose luxuriant grasses had been built up the giant frame, which had now lost its flesh and strength by a long tedious process of toil and starvation.

The woman continued, "Now do go, there's dears, and find him, while I'll stay here by the cart with this poor fellow."

The latter of the two men addressed said, "All right; Hunter, let's go; we'll make a fire fort and tip the cart up against this fearfully cold wind; Lizzie can sit in its shelter and watch this grim old monster, while we go and look for t'other chap—got a match Hunter?" The party addressed felt in his pockets in vain, and after a search by the speaker in his own, it was discovered the party were without means of making a fire, which after all, was no great loss as the buffalo chips, the only fuel within reach, were wet and frozen.

It was a bitter cold night in November, and the north-east wind whistled over the frozen ground and its glistening covering of snow, with that keen, piercing chill, that is only known on the plains west of Laramie—the stars were shining brightly, and the sky had put on that deep intense blue, denoting the frigid temperature of the night.

The receding footsteps of the men crunching the snow beneath their tread, presently died away in the distance, and the woman was left alone, save the companionship of the gaunt, famine-stricken ox. It was a peculiar scene—the lone woman, the ox and the cart, on the limitless plain, which stretched out with its glistening coat of snow on every hand, until outlined against the horizon—the stillness unbroken—except an occasional cry of the coyote, answered by the howl of the grey wolf further in the distance.

The woman left to herself commenced to walk rapidly back and forth, knowing too well that death was in the icy breath of the pitiless wind; her short skirts, open bell-shaped sleeves, and general style of dress, excepting the tightly bound shawl over her breast, were more fitted for the domestic duties of a London home, than the rough and rugged life of the plains. Except for occasional stopping in her walk to listen for the returning footsteps of her companions, she maintained her lonely watch, her courage being equal to the fearful loneliness of her position, notwithstanding she was startled by the nearer barking of a coyote. The keen, piercing wind, with all her efforts, was surely doing its work. Presently, her steps grew less firm, and shivering with cold, she crouched down in a cramped position, behind the shelter of the cart; and had it not been for the return of the two men at this juncture from an unsuccessful search for the "t'other chap," she would, in a short time, have given way to that state of somnolency that precedes death from extreme cold.

The men, warm from exertion, found her just sinking into

unconsciousness. The smaller of the two, when he discovered the condition of their partner, became greatly excited and cried, "My God, John, what will we say to her husband if we can't bring her too?" The men, with alternate scolding and beseeching tones, called on her to arouse herself for their sakes and her husband's, at the same time rubbing and chafing her limbs, with no very delicate touch, until animation was restored, and presently to their joy, she was so far recovered as to stand on her feet.

From them she learned, that their attempt to find the other better-conditioned ox, designated the "t'other chap" was a failure, and that they had determined to slaughter the one that was there before them, and make the best of it. The men prepared for the slaughter of the poor brute; poor in a double sense was the huge beast, which all this time, had shown no more signs of life than an Egyptian Sphinx, except for a small thin stream of steam that issued out on the frosty air, from his nostrils.

The instruments of death to be used, were a short-handled hatchet, its handle once broken off in the eye, had been refilled, making a poor substitute for a poll-axe and a case-knife; the latter, however, sharp and of good English steel.

Walters, the larger of the two men, was of a type of manly strength, which not discovering itself in excessive development of muscle, was of that fine physique, in which we find the greatest strength and endurance; his male companion was not possessed of much endurance or strength, while the woman physically strong, was possessed of a strong will power, and determination that overtaxed her physical endurance.

The larger man throwing aside his coat, directed the woman to lie on the back of the ox and hold on to his horn, for the purpose of warming herself and to keep the ox down, while he dispatched him with the hatchet—Hunter was also to hold one horn—planting himself in the best position for delivering his blow. The hammer head end of the hatchet, struck the forehead of the bovine with a dull, heavy thud, seemingly producing no effect whatever upon the poor beast, at least, no movement was made at this rude knocking at the door of his life.

"Well, I'll be blowed if that don't beat all," exclaimed Walters.

"Oh, take the sharp edge to it man, and cut your way through," said Hunter, with a slight Scotch accent.

No sooner said than done, and the huge brute got up on his feet slowly and deliberately; the woman and Hunter falling from his moving frame as it rose in the air. So insensible to pain had the brute become, that it took this stinging blow on the very center of the nerve forces, to awaken any degree of pain. Standing still right where he rose, he looked as though about to chew his cud, for all the damage done by the blows; but many days had elapsed, since he had indulged in that pastime of a contented, and well-conditioned stomach.

Hunter asked to try his hand. Walters gave him the hatchet and Hunter hammered away on the thick mat of hair protecting the skull, the only effect produced by the last and most effective blow was to cause the ox to walk on, and towards them a few paces. Several times was this performance repeated, until they had thought of abandoning their attempt; but at last Walters with a well-directed blow brought the ox down on his knees; the whole party then by a united effort, pushed him over on his side, when Walters by dint of great exertion succeeded in cutting his throat.

By this time the excitement and labor were wearing upon Hunter and the woman; the latter was directed by Walters to

put her hands and arms into the belly of the ox to keep herself warm, while himself and Hunter proceeded to take off the hide, dividing the labor, and taking their place by the side of the woman in turn, to thaw the frozen blood from their hands in the warm intestines of the ox. After great labor, the task was accomplished, and the carcass was divided up, into not very choice cuts to be sure, but into convenient pieces and loaded on the cart, at which all worked with a will.

"Do you think we can take it all," asked Walters.

"Oh, yes," returned the woman.

"But the head," said Walters.

"We can't leave the head," said Hunter.

"The feet," suggested Lizzie.

"Oh, it won't do to leave the feet," quickly returned the Scot; so all was loaded up.

Wiping the blood from his feet on the hide, as he put on his coat, "Now," said Walters, "let's off for camp, just as fast as we can, or the captain will discover our absence;" and getting in between the shafts of the cart, with his companions one on either side, away they went, amid a howling chorus of coyotes and wolves, who had scented the blood and were closing in from every side, for their repast.

"It won't do to go in by the road," said Hunter, "so let's take a cut across, and avoid the bend we made last night;" so pulling and straining at their load they proceeded on their way thinking that the few inches of frozen snow, which readily bore up the empty cart, would prove such a detriment to their passage now returning with the load.

"It aint far to camp, is it?" presently broke out the woman after a long silence.

"No," returned Hunter, but Walters knew it certainly must be a long three miles' steady pull, before they reached their tent, but said nothing, for he noticed the failing strength and unsteady gait of his male companion, and did not wish to discourage him. As they trudged in silence, the load wearing on their strength by breaking through the crust of the snow at every few steps, and after proceeding about a mile and a half, Hunter brought the cart to a full stop, by stumbling and falling on the snow, declaring he was tired to death, and could go no further.

The woman plead in vain for him to try again, and Walters threatened and plead in turns. At last said Walters, "Now, come Hunter, be a man, get up; I'll throw off the head to lighten the load," and suiting the action to the word, off went the heavy head on the snow, scattering crimson spots on its white, glistening surface; at this, the canny Scot seemed to take umbrage, at such work, and getting on his feet, said if he could get inside the shafts, that he might lean on the cross piece connecting the ends of the shafts, he thought he might go on a little further. Taking fresh courage, they again bent to their task, and proceeded for another mile, when the woman, overcome with fatigue, lack of food and sleep, slipped and declared she could not take another step and fell exhausted upon the snow.

The scene of this adventure on the dreary and desolate plains, was situated about two hundred miles west of Laramie, and the party were members of the last hand-cart company, that crossed in the year 1856; pressed by the pangs of hunger, they had at the suggestion of Brother Walters, stolen out from the camp for the purpose of securing some beef, by slaughtering an ox unyoked from its mate, which had fallen and died in the earlier part of the afternoon; but failing to find the one for whom they had such especial regard, they, as already told, butchered the last ox that had "give out" later

on; and were now returning to camp, from which they had stolen forth, contrary to rule and order, pressed into this adventure, by the desire to relieve the hunger of themselves, and the balance of the members of their tent; from a source other than the now meagre supply issued them from the commissary department of the company.

The husband of Sister Brown being disabled by frozen feet, she with characteristic British pluck, had volunteered to go in his place, therefore, the anxiety of the men for the safety of their brother's wife.

Daybreak was fast approaching as the greater part of the night had been consumed in the slaughter of the ox, owing to the poor tools used in the work. The cold had rather increased than abated, the wind had died away, and the cold was now intense; Walters became alarmed lest the scheme which he had planned, should end in sad tragedy, by the death of Sister Brown; the Scot's fears easily aroused, were increased by the anxiety he saw depicted in the countenance of his friend.

Sister Brown could not be induced to rise from the ground; entreaty and pleading were in vain, for she was speedily relapsing into the same inanimate state, from which they had once before revived her. Fear of the threatened calamity, seemed to lend new strength to the Scot, who after a renewed effort to persuade her to rouse herself, seized her in his arms, and lifted her between the shafts, then with the aid of his companion, half supporting, half dragging the woman between them, they toiled laboriously down the incline, which they presently recognized led to the hollow selected for their camp. Arriving in sight of camp, Sister Brown was made to understand that camp was just a little ahead; the news revived her and breaking out into tears and hysterical sobbing, she soon recovered herself at the thought of rejoining her husband again. And there away down in the hollow before them, appeared an encampment of several rows of tents, but the presence of so small a number of wagons for the transportation of the large number of souls, which in all probability the numerous tents sheltered, seemed inconsistent. The scene reminded one of the encampment of the children of Israel in the wilderness, as represented in the old prints. On a closer view the handcarts of these modern children of Israel, were seen standing hard by the tent doors, whose light skeleton forms had borne the bedding and provisions of the sleeping host.

Yes, children of Israel, were the sleeping inhabitants of these tents, or at least they were animated by the same spirit as those children of old, to hazard their lives, and brave the dangers of the terrible plains with their trust in the God of Abraham, in obedience to His call to "come out of her my people." They were there, with this trust and faith, together with their reliance on their own strong physical endurance they had been sustained thus far, in a journey unparalleled in the history of the past. Men, soldiers, inured to fatigue, have made marches, doing battle against their foes and exposed to the blasts and storms of Winter, as were these people of whom I write; but in this camp, the babe and tender child were sleeping by their mother's side, who, unacquainted with hardships, had left their homes in good old England to accompany their husbands, in a journey to the Zion of their hopes and dreams; and they would again face the cruel, bleak winds on the day now dawning, upheld by a spirit of religious enthusiasm, whose strength and power had not once failed them in their battle with their stern and forbidding surroundings.

It is true many of their weaker companions had died by the way and their graves dotted the path that these had trod, but the strong and vigorous bodies of these Anglo-Saxons, did

them good service in their battle for life with the cruel, biting blasts of the western plains, notwithstanding their supplies had run so short as to cause the captain to reduce the rations one-fourth, for several days prior to the date of which I am writing.

Arriving at the camp-fire, where an anxious watch had been maintained all night by the husband of Mrs. Brown and the wife of Brother Walters, our friend Hunter, staggered like a drunken man with exhaustion, but was revived by the administration of some hot broth, of which our party of the night adventure partook freely; and then learned that shortly after their leaving camp, the captain had ordered the surviving mate to the ox, whose frozen remains were yet on the hand cart of the three adventurers, to be slaughtered for the use of the camp, and from whose flesh had been compounded the hot broth which they were enjoying with an appetite, sharpened by cold, labor and something akin to famine.

While unloading the meat into their tent, it caught the eye of an officious member of the camp, who at once reported to the captain his discovery; and before the meat could be distributed by our adventurers among their friends, the greater part was seized by the captain's order, taken to head-quarters, and distributed under his direction.

Thus was the labor and exposure to the excessive cold, nearly terminating in the death of two of the party, resultant in very little benefit to our heroes and heroine; but if the narrative of their adventure shall be the cause of fasteuing upon the minds of my readers the conviction of the moral force of the gospel, that has impelled men and women, by the spirit of the gathering to leave the homes of their kindred, and the graves of their ancestors, to cross the wilds of America in search of the liberty to worship God according to the dictates of their conscience, the story is not told in vain; nor is the part of the active participators without avail to others, while they themselves with thankful hearts rejoice in the blessings the gospel with its trials has brought to them.

TOPICS OF THE TIMES.

BY THE EDITOR.

IT is interesting to see how the world is marching in the wake of the Latter-day Saints and gradually adopting the ideas which have been revealed by the Lord through the Prophet Joseph Smith. I am frequently struck with this while reading newspapers and magazines and other works, which make public the drift of modern thought and investigation.

I need scarcely refer to spiritualism and how closely its teachers imitated the doctrines that God inspired Joseph to reveal to the world. I remember very distinctly the first time I saw one of their books. I was then a missionary on the Sandwich Islands. While at the house of a white man one day I became greatly interested in a book which I happened to pick up, for many of its teachings were exactly like ours in regard to spiritual manifestations. It was a work written by a Spiritualist. Of course, the ordinances of the gospel and the authority of the Priesthood were utterly discarded; but revelation was insisted upon as being right and proper and within the reach of all; the ministering of angels or of spirits, also; and reference was made to the Old and New Testaments to substantiate the correctness of the views that were set

forth, and to show that they were principles believed in by the ancients who had a knowledge of heavenly things.

Not long since, some members of sects of professed Christians, adopted the idea of healing the sick by means of faith.

Those elders who preached the gospel in early days and are now men of middle age, can easily recall the stubborn and unyielding prejudice which existed in the minds of religious people against our teachings concerning the healing of the sick by the laying on of hands and the prayer of faith.

But within a few years a great change has taken place and the idea is gradually spreading that such a method of healing the sick is not only possible but quite proper.

It is not uncommon now to see notices in the papers of persons who have been healed of deadly sickness by means of the prayer of faith, and, in some instances, by the laying on of hands. Very many so-called orthodox Christians now admit that the sick can be healed in this way.

This is a great step in advance.

But the same unbelief still exists concerning the restoration of the gospel and its ordinances and the power of the holy Priesthood. The world appears willing to believe in these manifestations of power, so long as they do not come through the channel which God has appointed and in the way that He has ordained.

Another remarkable stride has been taken by many of the advanced thinkers among the religious sects in regard to the opportunities which men have in a future state of existence to repent of their sins.

The doctrine which the Prophet Joseph taught concerning the preaching of the gospel to the inhabitants of the spirit world, and which are so plainly alluded to by the Apostle Peter, were derided by the world for years after they were advanced. The doctrine of baptism for the dead was declared to be heathenish, and with many people it was a subject of ridicule. The universal belief appeared to be that "where the tree falleth, there it shall lie;" and it was loudly asserted by the popular religious teachers of the day that if men failed to repent here, their doom was sealed for all eternity; they would be consigned to endless woe, without the possibility of ever emerging therefrom. This doctrine obtained widespread credence among all the religious world.

The revelations which God gave to His servant Joseph Smith threw such a flood of light upon this subject that darkness was dissipated, and every thoughtful heart which received the truth was filled with joy and thanksgiving.

At that time belief in this principle was confined to the Latter-day Saints; but now it is admitted by many others, that it is possible that opportunities for repentance may be extended to sinners after this life—that the merits of the atoning blood of the Savior are not confined to this mortal probation of man, but may reach the sinner after he passes from this life. Men now begin to see the absurdity of the old doctrine and are breaking loose from it, and even running the risk of being accused of heresy for so doing.

The new doctrine appeals to the better judgment and conscience and reason of men, and it is sustained by the Scriptures. But, as in other cases, no credit is given to the Lord for having revealed it, nor is there any disposition to look upon the Latter-day Saints as having received the pure truth from heaven.

Speaking about faith-cures, I have felt deeply impressed with the idea that the members of our Church do not value as they should the means which God has placed within their reach for the relief and healing of the sick.

There is too great a disposition, when sickness enters a household, to send for a doctor. Occasional appeals will be made to the elders to come and administer; but the two methods are too frequently united—the doctor on the one hand and the elders on the other.

The experience of those who put their trust in the Lord, and who with careful nursing unite the administering of the ordinance, goes to prove that the Lord has not forgotten His promises. Instances are very common among the faithful Saints of the gift of healing being manifested in a very wonderful manner.

In the breasts of our children, especially, the greatest care should be taken to inculcate faith in this heavenly ordinance. Where children are thus taught, it is remarkable how strong their faith becomes.

I know of children who could not consent to have a doctor come near them. If anything ails them or their brothers and sisters, they insist on the elders being sent for.

Where such faith prevails, the happiest results follow the application to the elders to administer.

I had a case in my own household quite recently which illustrates this. I have had a number of children sick with the typhoid fever. My circumstances were such that I could not be with them myself. One of them was reported to me as being very low and appeared to be sinking. I wrote a letter to the President of the Stake asking him to be so kind as to request two elders to visit my house and administer to my sick ones.

Among the sick was a little boy of ten years of age, who had had a very severe attack of typhoid fever, and the disease had settled in one of his legs and feet. His foot was so tender that he could scarcely bear it to be touched, and he could not put it to the ground and had not been able to do so for about four weeks.

Elders William White and Milando Pratt, of the 17th Ward, administered to him with others of the children. Just as they left the house, one of his brothers said to him, "Joseph, why don't you get up and walk?" His sister repeated the remark and said, "Yes, Joseph, get up and walk."

At being thus told to walk the little boy arose from the lounge, where he was reclining, and walked about twenty-five feet, through some folding doors to a bed that stood in the corner of the other room. The child was so overjoyed at the thought that he had recovered the use of his limb and foot that he threw himself on the bed sobbing for joy.

His mother and the rest who witnessed it were filled with gratitude and wept tears of joy at the blessings which God had condescended to bestow in answer to prayer.

The child was healed, and healed instantly, and that by the prayer of faith.

Such instances are not uncommon among us, and it shows that God has not forgotten His promises, and that He has not withdrawn Himself from His people. But the Latter-day Saints should make use of these means more frequently than they do and put more trust in God and less in man's skill.

If you want to beautify a room, use it constantly, and the things that will accumulate, because they are wanted, will give the room the character it needs, which will be the reflection of your own.

INTEGRITY IN BUSINESS.

A HANDSOME young lad of our acquaintance had been employed for some time in a drug store, and his pleasing address and smiling face won many friends. He had lately left for another situation, and it was with deep regret that we learned last week he had been arrested as a thief. His trunk was crowded with handsome toilet articles he had purloined from time to time, in such profusion it would seem hardly possible he could ever use a tithe of them—handsome cigar cases, bottles of perfumery, kid gloves, silk handkerchiefs by the score, and all the elegant trifles that came within his reach that would by any means come useful to a young gentleman's outfit. His old employer was sent for, and identified one hundred and fifty dollars' worth of his own property, and others came in for the rest.

Poor, disgraced Alfred! How one's heart aches for the boy, whose fond, widowed mother was counting so happily on his rising to honor and usefulness in the world. Now, all her hopes and his fair prospects are forever blighted! It is a rare thing for a youth of his age to recover his lost standing, when it has been so undermined. And for what a paltry consideration has he brought on this ruin? Only for a few coveted luxuries, as yet beyond his means.

Alfred's first wrong step was mixing with young associates which he knew were not of the right stamp—fast young men who spent their leisure time at the billiard tables. They dressed in a flashy style, and he speedily learned to imitate them. He began his thefts by handing out a cigar from his employer's stock to one crony and another, as they lounged on the counters of the drug-store, when the proprietor was absent. They soon learned where to go for supplies, and the cigars began to disappear very fast. Soon after the young man changed his situation, and not long after the hour of detection came.

The strictest integrity, in the most trifling matters, is the only sure foundation for a man or boy to stand upon in his business relations. We need more of the spirit of that staunch old government officer, who, when his nephew took a half a sheet of paper from his desk, commanded him sternly, "Put that back, young man. That paper belongs to the Government of the United States."

It is quite safe to say the old man's mantle has not fallen upon all the government officers of our land. Hugh Miller speaks of the mason of whom he learned his trade, as "a man who put his conscience into every stone he laid." That is what you need in all your dealings with others. Put your conscience in your work, and you can stand up fairly and look every man in the eye. The fortune you build may grow slowly, one stone at a time, but it will be a structure that will stand like the hills.

ALL ills spring from some vice either in ourselves or others; and even many of our diseases proceed from the same origin. Remove the vices and the ills follow. You must only take care to remove all the vices. If you remove part, you may render the matter worse. By banishing vicious luxury, without curing sloth and indifference to others, you only diminish industry in the state, and add nothing to men's charity or their generosity.

NEVER does a man portray his own character more vividly than in his manner of portraying that of another.

A HAPPY NEW YEAR.

SONG AND CHORUS.

WORDS BY WM. WILLES.
Voice.

MUSIC BY E. BEESLEY.

1. Ac - cord - ing to cus - tom we all do re - vere, I say from my heart, here's a hap - py New Year;
2. The earth in its course in its or - bit has run, And an - oth - er new year to our joy has be - gun;
3. As E - ter - ni - ty rolls may bright years come and go, With light in our souls let us ban - ish all woe;

Re - spon - sive to this from each one that we see A hap - py New Year I now wish un - to thee.
With hopes raised on high we will ban - ish all fear, And for - ev - er will say here's a hap - py new year.
And fin - ish our course as it now has be - gun, As clear as the moon, and as bright as the sun.

Chorus.

A hap - py new year I now wish un - to thee, O, may you be hap - py as hap - py can be,

A hap - py new year I now wish un - to thee, O, may you be hap - py as hap - py can be.
rit.

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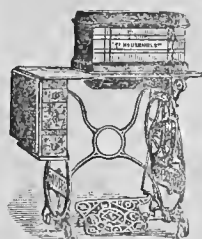
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